Chapter 219: The Gladiator’s Arena's Gladiator

The Gladiator’s Arena, a monumental structure of floating platforms suspended over a vast, mist-filled abyss, roared with the excitement of thousands of spectators. Battle cries and cheers echoed across the arena, as the champions fought for their lives and honor. However, today, something different was happening.

Sung Jin-Woo’s eighth clone stood at the center of the grand arena, surrounded by the debris of fallen opponents. His form was an immaculate, silent presence amidst the chaos. His body was a perfect reflection of his original, with a calm yet overwhelming aura that seemed to make the air itself tremble.

His opponents, drawn from various universes, were powerful—no doubt about that—but not nearly strong enough to challenge him. Today, he faced combatants of ranks below S^8, a mere warm-up for him. Normally, the Gladiator’s Arenas were a proving ground for only the fiercest warriors, but today the balance had shifted. This battle, in particular, was one that Sung Jin-Woo’s clone didn’t need to control. He fought independently, effortlessly.

The battle began as the familiar clash of steel and magic filled the air. A towering behemoth, at least three times the size of a normal man, roared and charged towards him, swinging a massive battle axe. The clone’s expression remained indifferent. In a flash, the clone side-stepped, the blow missing him by a hair’s breadth. His hand shot out, his fingers grazing the air like a conductor directing an orchestra, and a ripple of energy surged from his fingertips.

The behemoth’s body exploded in a shower of light and dust. He didn’t even get the chance to cry out. It was as if the clone had merely willed the battle to end.

Sung Jin-Woo’s eighth clone was an embodiment of absolute precision. There were no wasted movements, no hesitation. He flowed through the arena like a storm of inevitable destruction. With every step, his power made the arena tremble. Each of his opponents fell swiftly before his unyielding might.

A powerful mage, an S^9-Rank, tried to launch a deadly barrage of spells toward him, but the clone simply stood still, raising a single hand. The barrage of magical energy collided with a barrier that was barely visible to the eye. It was as though the spells had struck a wall of invisible force, shattering against it with no effect.

The clone's eyes, glowing with the intensity of his rank, narrowed. With a single flick of his wrist, he unleashed an unspoken command. A shockwave of dark energy erupted outward, obliterating the mage and everything in its path.

The spectators, who had cheered for every battle before, now stood in stunned silence. They had never seen such power in the arena. Every move the clone made was like the brushstrokes of a master artist creating destruction in its purest form.

The clone’s battle was far from over. Even though his opponents were weaker, the sheer number of them would test his abilities, but that didn’t seem to matter. He moved with a calm and effortless grace, weaving through strikes and countering attacks with ease.

Each opponent he faced was eradicated in mere seconds. His power, derived from the Absolute Crown, radiated with an overwhelming, godlike presence. It was clear that this arena, no matter how grand, was beneath him.

After hours of relentless combat, the last of his opponents fell to the ground, utterly defeated. The eighth clone stood alone, the arena in ruins around him. His eyes were unfocused, as though he had not been fully engaged in the battle.

He didn’t speak; there was no need to. His presence alone was enough to convey everything.

But this was just a small piece of a much larger plan. His time in the Gladiator’s Arena had merely been a distraction, a momentary test of his power. As his enemies lay in ruins, the clone felt a subtle shift—a call, deep within him.

There was something bigger waiting.

His gaze turned upward toward the horizon of the arena, where the arena’s overseer watched from a high tower.

“I’ve won,” the clone said, his voice low, powerful, and echoing in the silence of the shattered battlefield.

But even as the victory seemed final, the clone was already moving toward the next step, for the clone knew the war had just begun, and the battles to come would require far more than raw power alone. His presence in this world was far from just another conquest; it was a necessary prelude to the greater fate awaiting them all.

The S^{9}-Rank opponents had been an easy test, but what would happen when the true trials began?